PRESIDENT

FOR

YOVNG PEN-MEN.

OR

THE LETTER-WRITER.

CONTAINING

LETTERS of fundry fortes, with their feuerall Anſwers.

Full of Variety, Delight, and Pleaſure, and moſt neceſſary for the inſtruction of thoſe that can write, but haue not the Guift of indyting.

LONDON,

Printed by [illegible] for Robert Wilſon, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe at Grayes Inne Gate. 1615.

A
PRESENT
FOR
YOUNG PEN-MEN
OR
THE LETTER-WRITER
CONTAINING

To the Reader.

IN theſe latter times euery Ballad-maker will be a Poet, as if euery Pedler would ſeeme a Merchant, and euery Pettifogger a Lawyer: ſo hee that can ſcarce endite a Letter, will take vpon him to be a Secretarie: For my ſelfe, I dare not be ſo ſawcy, as to put ſuch a Title to my Booke; onely this I haue heere written a few Letters, which, I hope, are ſo compoſed as will be preſidents for yong pen men, and not diſpleaſing to elder yeeres: ſuch as they are, I put them out into the world to the cenſure of all: entreating the beſt to correct what is amiſſe, and the reſt not to diſcommend that they cannot mend: and reſt as I haue reaſon.

Your well-willing friend.

M. S.

To the Reader.

IN these latter times every Ballad-maker will be a Poet, as if every Pedler would become a Merchant, and every Pettifogger a Lawyer: so he that can scarce endite a Letter, will take upon him to be a Secretary: Sorry felle, I dare not be so bawy, as to put such a Title to my Books, only this I have heere written a few Letters, which, I hope, are so compiled as will be preludents for young pen-men, and not displeasing to elder yeeres: such as they are, I put them out into the world to the censure of all: entreating the best to correct what is amisse, and the rash not to discommend that they cannot mend: and so I leave.

Your well-willing Friend.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull, and my most worthy esteemed *Kinsman* ANTHONY HOBART, of Hales Hall in the County of Norffolke, *Esquire, all happynesse on Earth, and the ioyes of Heauen hereafter.*

IN reading of Epistles, written in diuers languages, I finde them dedicated to such Patrones, as could iudge of their worth, and would accordingly accept them: Some to men of great account; other to men of lower Titles of honour, but in higher esteeme of their loue: Now finding great men so busie in great Matters, that I should haue great adoe with their patience, in troubling their leisures from imployment in more serious affaires, and yet knowing my labours, in my Letters, worth the looking on, I haue bethought me of such a Patron, as in his kinde [illegible] will vnderstand my worke,

work, and regard my loue; which hauing found in your many fauours, giue me leaue, with my seruice, to present my Book to your Patronage: Each Letter hath his Answer; the Subiects are diuers, so is the manner of their enditing: Harefull I know they will not be to any; good they may do to many, that can aptly make vse of them: and for your selfe, and perhaps yours after you, it may be no hurt to peruse them; howsoeuer, at your idle leisure they will saue time, and perhaps yeelde you pleasure in reading them: but loth to bee tedious in needlesse Eloquence, I will leaue them to your kind acceptance, and my loue to your like command: and so rest.

Your most louing Kinsman,

M. R.

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FINIS.

A

A Letter of Request for a kindnesse.

IF you knew my need, you would not deny me, specially knowing the good you may doe me. Your excuse may proue more wit; then loue, and my want, more grieuous, then I hope your good will would me: that which will hurt you little will help me so much, and what my remembrance shall be of your kindnes, shall rest in my thankfulnes: If protestations be not idle, you will performe the part of a friend, to put your will to your power, to pleasure him once that will loue you euer: In Summe, leaning my hopes comfort to your kinde answere, I rest

Yours or not mine owne:

W. H.

The Answere.

I will not deny you, though I cannot help you, in that measure of comfort, that may answere your expectation: for, my purse is not euen with my Credit, though I will not complaine of pouertie. Come therefore to me, and know me, that, Truth hath no Trickes, and I will not soother with a Friend: as I know my estate, I must manage my affaires; if I hurt my selfe, I can not help my Friends, but since bare words yeld little comfort, you shall finde better fruits in my affection: I know you are wise, and hope to find you kinde, in being perswaded of my loue, to be as ready as able to performe more then I will protest: so expecting your patience, in assurance of your patience, till I see you, and alwaies, I rest

Your faithfull loving friend:

H. W.

A Letter of Councell to a Friend in distresse.

HOneſt Will, I Condole with thée in thy diſcontentments, though I cannot eaſe thee of thy ſorrowes: but though my comfort be little, let not my Counſell diſlike thée, to tell thée what I thinke, that will not be amiſſe for thee to thinke on: The Traueller muſt not giue ouer, till he come to his iourneys end, and till the daies worke be done, there is no looking for wages: deepe waters are dreadfull to them that feare to wet their feet, but, wiſedome will through though thee wade vp to the Chin; beleeue it, it is the Euening praiſeth the Day, and he is only happy that holds out to the end: ſtand therefore to your tackling: For though your croſſes are greeuous, yet ſurely is your bleſſing great, in being ſo well able to goe through them: and therefore fight the good fight, and your conqueſt will be comfortable, and if not heere, yet in Heauen: ſhortly, God willing, I will ſee thee, and till then, pray for thee, that thy faith may neuer faile thee: and that I may find thee in ſuch reſt, that I may ioy in thy Reſolution; till when, and alwaies, Farewell.

I Thine, or mine owne:

D. S.

The Answere.

KInde Robin, I am ſorry you are ſory for me, becauſe it will doe you more hurt, then me, good: yet am I ſo far cauſe to thew to your Counſell, that if I could be my ſelfe, I ſhould be much benefited by your inſtructions: but if oppreſſion make the wiſeſt mad, beare with the imperfection of Fooles; and know that when patience is put to her ſtrength, paſſion, puts Grace to her Triall, I ſpeake not this in diſpaire of mercy, for God is all-ſufficient as well in Comfort, as Correction: but, croſſes abroad, and crucifyings at home, vnkindneſſe of kin, vnfaithfulneſſe of friends, breaches of vowes, delaying of times ſcorns of beggars,

and

and leasses of fooles, with frustrating of hopes, in prayers of faith and teares of repentance, haue almost broken my heart, which onely liues in the Grape to know an end of my griefe: yet will I tarry the Lords leasure, and till then rest full of griefe.

Yours, what mine owne.

A Letter from a Nephew to his Vncle from the Vniuersitie.

GOod Vnkle you writt vnto me, to know what fruit I haue made of my study: To tell you truth, in reading ouer my Alphabet, I found in all the Crosse Rowe, the worst letter was, O: especially when I, went before it, and V: followed after it: For there finding that I o u, and can not yet come out of your debt, I cannot be agrieued, that you are discontented, that I o u, and can not help it, yet thus much I gaine by my reading, to finde in my conscience, the charge of my debts, which I will discharge with all the speed that I am able, and in the meane time entreat my friends to that patience, that shal be nothing to their disprofit, among whom holding your loue in no little account, assuring you ere long to heere from me, and in the meane time not vnthankfull for your kindnes: I rest.

Your bounden louing Cosen.

R. W.

The Answere.

GOod Cosen in your Alphabet you say you find O, the worst Letter, now with me it is not so: for I finde it rather in h: which I feele not in my Eye, for I am not so rich as to haue the Gowt, nor in my head, for I thanke God, I haue reasonable good health of body, but it is onely at my heart to thinke of my vnhappinesse to haue so ill comfort of my kindnes: yet, let me not write this to trouble you, your Debt beeing but a Trifle: and therefore knowing your honest heart, I leaue the time, to your best abilitie, and in the meane time hoping of your loue, I

wish you not to hurt your selfe to help mee: for though I am poore, I am no begger, and will not be unkind to them I loue: in which, be you assured, I will rest, during life:

Your louing Vnkle:

T. M.

A Letter of Loue to a Gentlewoman of good worth.

WOthy Lady, if I could not dissemble I were a fole, but if I would I were the more fole, knowing your wisedome to know craft to be the greatest folly, and your vertue to allowe onely Truth, to be the best Eloquence: In plaine Truth therefore, giue me leaue, to lay the seruice of my heart, at the feete of your fauour, where if the desarts of my endeuour may not bee disdained, your Honor shall not be embased, where your vertue is honored: so craving pardon for my presumption, in the Dutifull of affection, I humbly take my leaue.

Your more willing, then worthy seruant,

E. R.

Her Answere.

SIr I haue receiued your Letter, and by the Contents gesse at your content: but giue me leaue to tell you that protestations are perilous shadowes, and the Diuell neuer bereiues more then when hee comes like an Angell of light: I speake not this with an ill coniecture to wrong a good mynde, but the world is so full of Treason, that Truth is crept in to a little Corner: To honour vertue, I cannot dehe you, and to deserue well I can not disdaine you, but in the happinesse of my fauour your hopes may bee deceiued, though thus farre, I subscribe to your petition, that I will disdaine no honorable affection, but with I were a more worthy Mistris of so worthy a Seruant:

and

A Letter of kindnes from a louing father to call home an vnthrifty sonne.

THe Pellican kills her selfe, to feeed her young chickins: an vnkindly brood to bee the death of their breeder: the Cuckoe kills the Sparrow that hatcht her: Oh vnnaturall bird to be her death, that gaue her life! and the little Snakes eat out the belly of their vanquisht dam: Oh most hatefull wayme to bee of so hellish a nature. Now seeing the shame of these, wilt thou like a Hydra to follow their substances with thy disordinate life to bee the death of thy father? I loue thee dearely, and wilt thou ingratefully deceptiue not to loue me? Returne the glasse of thy old grace, to a comfort of better content: Leaue the world and come home to me: I will giue thee halfe my wife and halfe my ring, I will feed thee to my loue, and the fat Calfe shall be killed to make a feast for thy returning: for beholding thee so to thrive that I may see the fruits of his grace in thee, till I see thee as heartfull thee, to the Lord of Heauen I leaue thee.

Thy most louing father.

W. R.

Answere.

MY deere Father, I most humbly thanke you for your kind Letter: which hath so wrought in my loue, as hath almost metamorphosed my mind from the humor it was in; for since that Grace hath opened the eye of my vnderstanding, to discerne betwixt good and euill, I finde him worse then a Deuill that feareth not God, and a Child to be loathed that loues not his Father: pardon therefore what is past, and feare not

what is to come, your thoughts are to your selfe, that must be thy to be driuen from your breast, and will meet me halfe way; that merit hath banished from your presence, and make me a feast that deserues euer to be kept fasting: but this shewes, loue descends before it ascends; God came to Man, ere Man could come to God; your loue called me to comfort, before I could come to receiue it: In summe, your kindnesse hath bound my loue in an indissoluable duty, in which I hope shortly to see you, and till then euer to pray for you, that all happinesse may betall you: and so humbly rest.

Your obedient Seruant.

A. L.

Louely Creature, if the World did not hold thee faire, I should thinke my selfe blind; and if the Muses did not admire thee, I should eat so much honey, then a bee finds, thy worth deserues more honor, then I can giue thee, giue me leaue duely to pray for thee, that no black spot of pride may staine the faire white of thy vertue: but that, continuing in thy goodnesse, thou mayst enioy the splendor of thy happinesse: and so my Lady, that in this desert of thy fauour, I may be a Seruant of thy remembrance: in which, more hoping in thy vertue, then presuming of my fortune: I rest.

Thy vnworthy Seruant:

B. T.

Her Answer.

KInd Sir; I should be as loath to be the raze of the enuious eye, as the subiect of your fiction: and for the honor of inticement, it should sing rather in the Heauens then the Earth: for your prayers, I thanke you, though I hope they are more charitable then necessary: and for your seruice, take it not vnkindly, that

that I wish you a more worthy Mistris: and so intreating you to giue me leaue, to leaue you to your selfe, whom you haue most reason to make much of; I rest.

Too vnworthy a Mistris of so worthy a Seruant:

E. M.

A Letter of discontentment to a Gentlewoman, suspected of Incontinency.

IF you were as wise as Salomon, yet if you were not more honest, I would not giue a penny for your wit; if you were as rich as Crœsus, yet if you want grace, I would not giue an halfe penny for your wealth; and if you were as faire as Venus, yet, if you want vertue, I will not giue a point for your painting: Counterfeit modesty, is plaine hypocrisie, and to flatter for gaine, is the common course of the world: Babies in gay coats are Childrens sports, and fooles Idols: For my selfe, I haue knowne you long, and began to loue you, but finding your folly, I haue with-drawne my affection; and to play faire with you, vpon euen termes, I had rather giue ouer my game with a little losse, then haue a bare stake to set my rest vpon: so wishing you hencefoorth to make your best match for your aduantage, and not deceiue your selfe with hoping after a fooles fortune; meaning as little as I can to trouble my thought with your idle humors. As I found you, I leaue you and so rest.

Your Friend as I find cause:

W. R.

Her Answer.

WHat you thinke of your selfe, I know not, and what your estate is, I care not: it seemes you are well read

in

A Letter of reprehension of suspected unthankfulnesse.

Deare how kinde you haue found me, you know, and how unthankefull, I haue found you, I would I did not know: to be so long from me, and in your silence to forget me: in the notes of a good nature, I finde no such ill disposition: but lest I may among you, grow my selfe, with a false suspition of unkindnesse, not knowing the cause, that may be excusable, I pray you write vnto me by this Bearer: for if the cause of your silence haue bin sickness, I am sorie for it, if your Letters haue been lost, or intercepted, we are both wronged, howsoeuer it is something is amisse, which I wish kindely to be amended: not to trouble you with a tedious Letter, the Contents perhaps discontentiue, till I heere from you, which I expect presently, in the nature of a kinsman and long of a friend, without great cause to the contrarie I aske.

Your very louing Cosen,

R. D.

His

His Answere

My good Uncle, how kinde to enter, I haue found you, I now finde you contrarie, when in the Construction of ould positions, exprobation, and unthankefulnesse make a hard Cosse, which is the greater Cat in vnkindnesse: you thinke it long, since you heard from me, and I feare from you to soone; when, in your writting, I finde you so farre from your selfe: for, could I not be my selfe, I should forget you: but, if a Carde come crosse, shall the game be gonen by? and if there fall out a mischance, shall it giue suspition of an ill minde? I hope not: well the cause knowne of my silence, I leaue to the report of this bearer, to whom I know you will giue trust: and by whom, I send you an other written long since, how miscarried and returned, being tedious to write, I will leaue to his deliverie: so hoping, that when you finde where the fault is you will there lay the repentance, in the true assertion of a Naturall kinsman, rather willing to deserue a good turne, then to heare of it: I take my leaue.

Your very loving Cosen,

N. W.

A Letter of Counsell from a discreet Mother to her Daughter, newly married.

My good Daughter, now art now going into the World, and must learne to be a Child, and learne to be a Mother, and to looke to a family, rather then to the entertainement of a friend: and yet, both necessarie in their kinds: vnder the gouernment of thy husband, and in any wise meane not to impatience: Let thy kindnesse binde his loue, thy vertue his comfort, and thy Huswiferie his commendation: auoide tatling Gossips, yet be kinde to thy Neighbours, and no Stranger to thy kindred, bee gentle to thy seruants, but not ouer-familiar: haue an eye to

the doore, and a lock to thy Chest: keepe a Bit, for a Beggar, and a Bone, for a Dogge; make much of the Bee that brings home the honey, and loose not the Cock that makes much of his Chicking, take heed abroad of the Kite, and within of the Rat: pray to God for his blessings to all thy proceedings, and have a religious care of thy modest government, and rather for charitie then praise give reliefe to the poore: if at any time thou hast need of any good I can doe thee, be assured while thou hast a mother, thou hast a friend: so, hoping in thy kindnesse, thou wilt take care of my Counsell, beseething God so to blesse thee that I may ever have joy in thee, with my hearts love, to his tuition I leave thee: And so rest,

Thy most loving Mother.

E. B.

Her Answere.

My good Mother, you have passed the peeres of a Child, and know the Care of a Mother: and therefore, for your kinde advice for my cariage I humbly thanke you, and what benefit I will make of your lessons, you shall finde in the fruit of my observation: I am but newly come into the world, and God knowes, when I shall goe out of it: and am yet scarce warme in my house, and therefore hardly know yet how to goe through it: for my husbands humor, if he alter not his Nature, I do not doubt, we shall live as Doves: while care and kindnes shall continue content: my servants shall finde me, both a Mistris and a friend, my Neighbours no Stranger, and into Gossips no companion: thus in the bonds of love, with thanks for motherly care of prayer to the Almighty, to blesse me with his Grace, and to live no longer, then in his love and yours, I take my leave: for this time, but rest your loving life.

Your most loving Daughter.

E. W.

A kinde Letter of a Father, to a Prodigall Sonne.

My Sonne, for thée to spend carelesly, that which with great care I haue gotten, may be as much thy disgrace, as my griefe: when I would doe thée good, and shall not be able to performe it, and thou shalt doe thy selfe hurt, when I cannot help it: I can be content to encrease thy exhibition, but to maintaine Riotousnes, is to nurse iniquitie: yet let me not be bitter in my reprehension: but, let my kindnes be thy correction. Let mee know thy wants, and I will supply them: but let them not exceed my abilities, least I be forst to relieue them: I know thou shalt wil to comfort of my writing, and I hope that hath Gode to make blest thy understanding: and therefore, to beleeue, in the loue of a Father, I leaue thee to thy heauenly Father: who, I hope, will so blesse thee, that, I shall haue ioy in thee: so, hoping to heare from thee, and that good of thee, that may make me glad to know it, in thee: till I see thee, and alwaies: I rest.

Thy louing Father:

R. B.

His Answere.

My good Father, your reprehension was so kinde for so vngracious a Sonne, and yet the milnes of your Counsell, hath so wrought in my loue, that the limits of your direction, shall be the passages of my life: and such shall be hereafter my ioyes of your comfort, as I shall rather (with my gr[illegible] then your griefe: I haue called my wits to account, and in the arrerages of Prodigalitie, I finde so poore a reckoning, that the summe will bow all in miserie, wherefore the hath little comfort: I haue cut my finger, but not wounded my hand; and a little Salue will make all hole: my wants are not great; but I wish rather to want life, then grace to be thankefull to God, for his goodnes, and to you for your kindnesse: so, in the true and true obedience of loue, praying for your health, and hearts ease: I rest.

Your most louing Sonne: *H. P.*

A Letter in a kinde of Challenge, upon report of a great abuse.

HOw you have wronged me you know, but how you will right me, I know not: Patience is a vertue, else would I quit a villanie in a true kinde: good words will hardly excuse ill actions: I know you are cunning, I wish you were honest: to abuse any man, is but the Badge of an ill nature, but to wrong a friend is a proofe of a vile Nature: which base I can suspect you shall finde as it falls out: and least sufferance may be thought Cowardize, let this suffice, give me present satisfaction, or by the losse of your image for your good will, and faith I hence forth you, to a better end than I expect: I rest.

Yours as I have found.

S. T.

His Answere.

IF your rage were not above your reason, I should thinke to satisfie your discretion; but let us tell you the truth, in being so tedious upon conceit, you may wrong your selfe and your friend: I speake not this in feare of your threates, but to cleare your conscience of all ill satisfaction: I know the wrong I have done you, and how I am resolved to right you, when occasion shall serve you shall finde what is in me: if you will be at quiet with your selfe, your friends will not trouble you, and he that is your servant pay him his wages: for mine own part, I am unwilling to owe any thing, but love to my friends: which I will bury in oblivion, except necessitie of occasion, wherein yet I will observe a meanes not to passe the course of good manners: so hoping ere long to find you in better humour: I rest as I have found me.

Yours as you shall use me.

I. S.

A Letter to a Kinſman, a young man towards Wife.

GOod Coſen, I heare you are in loue, I ioy it with all the world: and that your affection is forcible, I hope it is in vertue, but that it is with a woman, which makes mee to feare your weakeneſſe: either in ſome touch of her vnworthineſſe or your owne: I ſpeake not this to diſſwade you from marriage, for the courſe is honourable: but if there be a croſſe to content, it may proue diſcomfortable: what euer it bee, I wiſh it, to the beſt, but let mee entreat you, not to conceale from my Loue, vpon what ground you haue builded the houſe of your hopes comfort, that if I like the platforme, I may the better pray for your proſperitie, and in the hope of your good husbandry, bee glad of your thrift: I know not your obiect, but what euer be your ſubiect, make not your ſelfe an obiect: in briefe, acquaint me, I pray you, with your proceedings, that when you draw your deeds my hand may doe you no hurt: ſo wiſhing you firſt to ſerue God, and then to looke to your ſelfe, and to know Diana, before you bee to buſie with Cupid, in the heart-ſt loue of a true Kinſman, till I heare from thee, and alwaies: I reſt.

Your moſt louing Vnkle.

T. R.

His Anſwere.

MY good Vnkle, I thanke you for your kinde Letter, and touching the Contents, I hope my Anſwere ſhall not diſcontent you, that I am in Loue, I doe not denye it, but with all the world I will not confeſſe it, for the Reprobates are but of the Rule of Charitie: that my affection is of force, I grant it, for ſo had I rather haue it, then fantaſtick, and with a woman beleeue it, for ſhall wee abandon their loue, by whom wee haue our

our breeding to life: I know it is not your meaning: for my weakenesse, in vnworthinesse, you must leaue that to the blessing of Grace, whereon building the house of my hopes comfort, the foundation well laide I the lesse feare the fall of it: in the Subiect of mine Obiect can be no Obiect, where Diana's Cupid knowes neither Vulcan nor Venus: but if Pallas and Mars make a coniunction Copulatiue, in an Actiuum vnsepe-rable, the ioy may be vnspeakeable: I write not this out of the Arte, but the heart of loue, where there is more hope of faith, then a poeticall fiction. To grow towards the matter; that I know you must looke at, let it suffice you, that shortly I will see you, and then acquaint you with that I hope shall not dislike you, but to the confirming of comfort, at the houre of conclusion, in ioining hands vnto hearts you will bee rather a father then a friend: in hope whereof, and prayer for which, I humbly rest,

Your most louing Nephew.

T. P.

A discontentiue Letter vpon the denial of friendship.

IF I were rich, I would be beholding to no beggers, and if wise, I should trouble no fooles: but he that is plagued for his sinnes must haue patience with his crosses: yet spight of the Diuell, God will blesse his Seruants: when Christmas comes we shall haue Holy dates, and though the Lent be long, Easter followes Good-Friday: I know to well you vnderstand mee to ill: but hauing knowne you to long, to finde that I doe in you at last, meaning to trouble you no more, except with my sight against my will, I rest as I haue reason.

Yours as you mine.

T. D.

His Answere.

HE is poore whom God hateth, and he rich that is contented: he is wise that knowes himselfe, and he unwise that misconstrueth an other: punishments of sinne are the trials of patience, and afflictions well taken are the tokens of love: twixt feasting and fasting are daies of indifference, and who wil not worke must take the profit of idlenes. Your knowledge to well may be taken to ill: but if your presence may be troublesome, let me entreat your absence: so neither angry, nor well pleased, till I heare better of your humor: I rest.

Yours, as you mine.

H. B.

A Letter from a friend to a fantastical conceited Madcap.

IF I knew where to finde you, I should know how to send after you, for what I think of you, I should know how to write unto you, but I thinke you are like a Bird, to flye up and down, where you list, or like a Cameleon, to change into all manner of colours: I am sorie to see how your unseasoned braine sets your wits a wool-gathering; but would you once be your selfe, your friends would be glad of you, for there are good things in you, howsoever you make use of them: If I had not heard of you now, I thinke I should never have heard of you, for I could not devise almost what should become of you, very strangely you went from me, but if more kindely, you would come to me, your welcom should be in better then bare words: therfore, if I may entreat you, and not to trouble you, when you can conveniently, let mee see you, that wee may speake of something, that is necessary to be spoken of: bee you assured, I will not hurt you, and what good I can doe you, you shall finde before I will tell you: and thus with my hartie commendations to your

kinde

kinde acceptation, in hope shortly to heare from you, and not long after to see you: till then and euer, to the Lord of heauen I leaue you.

Your assured louing Friend.

N. W.

His Answer.

IF you were not estranged from that I left you, I should know how to finde you: but beeing as you are, I know not what to say vnto you: you haue not heard from me a long time, and me thinkes to soone at last, considering the comfort I finde in your Commendations: For you would seeme kinde, and yet in words shew the contrarie, when in the manner of your writing, the bitter ouercomes the sweet: if the good be marde, what should you doe with the euill: and if my wits be out of temper, what should a foole doe among wise men? I haue no Birds nor Braske to figure your fancies, but an Ape is no man, though hee be nimble in his conceits: and hee that bites like Diogenes, deserues a name of his Nature, your hurt I feare not, and your good I seeke not: but if I chance to come neere you, it is a chance, but I will see you, when as I finde my welcome, you shall enuite my company: till then, rather to quite your courtesies, then to mone your discontent, in the Answere of your Letter, sorry to bee in your debt for an humour: in more tune then this tattle, as I was and will be: till I see you, and alwaies.

Your louing friend.

H. T.

A biting Letter to a Clamorous vngentlewoman.

Answere.

W. B.

A discontentiue Letter of a coy Mistris.

YOur coy lookes condemne you for little noise, & your sharp [illegible] [illegible] I should [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the first that hath [illegible] [illegible] a warning [illegible] in the placing of my affections, in which [illegible] ouer boots though [illegible] but I may come home againe: I rest.

Yours if you were your owne.

N. R.

Her Answer.

IF you look for hearts in eyes, you may be out of the rule of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] your apparel and [illegible], if I were acquainted with your [illegible], I should the better know the measure [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] your selfe, and [illegible] [illegible] if you haue done [illegible] to amend it, and when you finde a good warning, make good vse of it: In briefe, howsoeuer you trouble your selfe, I pray you trouble me no more [illegible] which kindnesse, I shall rest in much thankefulnesse.

Yours as I finde cause.

B. T.

A Letter written to a friend in time of great affliction.

I Pray thee, my friend, what moves thee to inquire how I do? and though perhaps it may be grievous to thee to apply it, yet being truth to thy love I will tell it: if thou aske how I fare, so hard as my mind is, if what I do? shed teares for my sinnes and pray for mercy, sigh to thinke of the follies of my youth, and sorrow to see the misery of mine age: If how I passe my time? in the passions of the mind: if where I live, in the mazes of griefe, where till I get into my grave, I thinke I shall never get out: if how I live so neere the nature of death, as if one may live dying: I dye living: for may I not offend the heavens majesty to speake it, I think never course of life came neerer to the thorny Crowne about Christs head which prickt him round about: so is it with me; crosses abroad and confusions at home; in body and mind, puts patience to a high point: Oh my torments are innumerable and almost intolerable: but that his goodnes that gave me them, gives me grace to beare them: for in briefe, if want to supply necessities, him and all his good, unfaithfull friends, inconsiderable Creditors, disquiet neighbours and almost uncomfortable wife, met all together to the travell of a heart, whether it will hold or not, thinke if thou canst, in what perplexity is my spirit: and pray in thy heart for my ease or end of it: And thus assured, if thou canst do me good, to find it, till I heare from thee, and till death, I rest.

Thine what mine owne.

W. R.

A Letter written by him in time of great affliction.

HOneſt Henry, I am ſorry in my heart for thy heauines, and to ſaſt thee of thy griefe could be content to beare part of thy paſſions: but let this comfort thee, that thou art not alone in thy calamities, for euery man hath his croſſe, euen as well as he can aide for my ſelfe, though my times be lately made, yet thou ſeeſt my teares, that they giue me many a ſtoning at the heart: and yet I muſt countenance my ſhoulder and conceale my paine, becauſe the fault is in my ſelf; if wee had not our ſinnes wee ſhould not haue our puniſhments: beleeue me Henry, afflictions are the Badges of Gods bleſſings, if they be borne without murmuring at his will: hee that keepes a Gooſe may haue many euill birdes about it, but I muſt confeſſe hadſt thou vnder the right Raueri is the moſt, whoſe conſtant ſuffering is many times vncomfortable: but haue patience, it is a ſpirituall ſalue, that healeth all the ſores of the heart, and a Tenure by which wee haue poſſeſſion of our Soules, which guift of grace, God of his goodnes, in his mercy grant mee, and thee, and all his ſeruants: deliuer vs from our miſeries, and make the ioy of our liues in the feeling of his loue: to which prayer, I doubt not thou wilt ſay Amen, till I ſee thee, and alwayes: Farewell.

Thine or not mine owne.

R. B.

A kinde of quarrelſome Letter, vpon a frowne of a friend.

AT my laſt being in your company, your countenance gaue me ſome immagination of your diſcontent: if you be angry, I would know with whom, and for what: if it be

with your wife, you know how to mend your fiddle; if with me, I know not why, unlesse it bee for pasture, I will not seeke to alter it, and if but your humor, I would wish you to purge it, and so wishing you to satisfie me, if you have any skill in Astronomy, whether wee shall have faire weather or foule: as I heare from you I rest.

Yours, as you mine.

His Answere.

MY occasions of my countenance are secret to my selfe at which, if any take exceptions I wish me out of their company: your condition I know not, nor desire greater to bee acquainted with: for any hurt that is done the enemie may bee soone made; if you be desirous of quarrels you may have your handes full of mischeefe, but if you will be at peace with your selfe, I know no man that meanes to trouble you, soe loath to bee at cost with any Almanacks, to looke into the rules of Astronomy, come what weather will, welcome by the Grace of God: and soe I rest.

Yours as you mine.

D. T.

A Letter to an Vncle to borrow a horse.

MY good Uncle, I have occasion to travell some few miles, further then (I feare) my foot will easily carry me, if therefore I may intreat you to lend me your horse for some few dayes, I will travell him easily, tend him carefully, and feed him sufficiently, his safe return be your charge.

nor my thankfulnes for your kindnes: so loth to lose needlesse complements till I heere from you, and alwaies desirous to doe you seruice.

Your most louing Vnkle.

His Answere.

IF I should lend you my horse you might thinke me an asse knowing your horsemanship, and his quality: but let this satisfie you, three thinges I will not lend, nor can I spare: my wife, my horse, nor my sword: the one from my bed, the other from my stable, the third from my side: the one for my pleasure, the other for my defence, and the third for my ornature: but, that you shall not think I will be altogether vnkind, I haue sent you herein enclosed a piece of gold, to hire you a horse: so hoping of your discretion, to haue patience with my vnwillingnes I rest.

Your most louing Vnkle.

His Answere.

A Letter from an old man to his adopted Sonne, going from the Vniuersity to trauaile.

MY good Sonne, I find by thy writing that thou art determined to leaue the vniuersity, and to looke abroad into the world; and being perswaded, that I haue seene something in it, desirest my counsaile for thy carriage therein: to satisfie thy request, let this suffice, these in a few words, that I set them downe for a caueat, in all the course of them: be a Courtier, beware of cost, if a Lawyer of Conscience, if a Marchant of Credit, if a Trades-man of truth, if a Churchman,

[illegible] of earth, it a Boulder of blood, it a Tramaller [illegible] thy way, and [illegible] of thy estate; and that the world may not [illegible] thee, pray to God to bless thee, that his grace may euer guide thee, and then haue thine eyes about thee, & feare no hurt to come neere thee: but say that all nations are not of one nature, nor all men of one mind, make vse of thy obseruation, according to the place of thy passage: auoyd grossenesse, and niceneſſe, least the one may proue as disgracious as the other displeasing: cloy not thy selfe with friends and purchase no foes: take heed of subtill wittes and smooth tongues; for they are the closest pick-pockets in a common-wealth: take heed of dead bones in nimble fingers, and haue no loue to play with painted pappes, least when you looke for your stake, you find a bare boord: sort with the best spirits, spiritize the best exercises, and loue the best people: let God [illegible] before thee, and his blessing bee euer with thee: [illegible] spend in any kindnesse, to perfect me any thing that may doe thee pleasure, to the vttermost of my power. I rest.

Thy most loving father.

De Tuum

His Answere.

My good Father, touching your *Compendium*, for my carriage though all countries, haue kindly I take it, you shall know when I am able to requite it: in the meanetime, I will make that vse of it, that (mought thankfulnes) shall make me thinke of your kindnes: for I shewed it like Ramus his abridgement of Artificiall Logicke, where in a little roome is an [illegible] vse of logicke is a little obscurely but full of fruit and [illegible] and in the same I finde such comfort, that I will [illegible] *Semper in manibus*, haue it euer fresh in my memory. [illegible] I liue I will weare it as the Apple of mine Eye, and if I liue to haue a Sonne, I will learne it him as a

good

friends: So in my prayers for you, hoping to heare well of you, to the tuition of the Almightie, I leaue you.

Your louing Cosen.

M. B.

The answere.

My good Cosen, I feare you haue more wit then conscience, to looke more into the world, then your soule: but aboue the world to wee aswell Gods Beggers, for who hath anything that he hath not receiued? and better I hold it to bee a silly Asse, then a subtill Fox; and a holy Begger, then a hellish Diuell: you with more religious, and communis zeale, and yet whilst I am in the world, I must bee a worldling: how greeth this together? wee cannot serue God and Mammon: Martha was full of businesse, but one thing is necessarie, and Mary chose the good part: I confesse, want may be grieuous, and pouertie disgracious in the world, but the couetous GOD hateth: though I bee no Chaplin, shall I not bee of the Church? and in Gods house I hope wee loue all one an other: Now for the worke of Faith, can the Spirit bee better exercised, then in hearing of the word of God? and when Meditation helpeth memorie, may not contemplation be comfortable? Good Cosen deceiue not your selfe in misdeeming of mee, be you as farre from heresie, as I am from hypocrisie, and if your Reine swimme in the delight of Truth, you will neuer drowne in the depth of error: To conclude, haue a charitable opinion of my disposition, and I will pray for your perfection: so hoping on Gods prouidence, that I shall bee no charge to your purse: wishing you so cleere a sight, that you may haue a most happy seeing in the true Loue of a Christian, I rest,

Yours, what mine owne,

G. B.

A Letter from a Knight of great place, to a Gentleman to attend him.

HOnest Henry, now I am come to the place that I haue taken vpon mee, I haue many occasions of employments of many seruants, among whom I want one of that sufficiencie that I know to bee in thy selfe, whom I would willingly preferre to place of good profit: for knowing thine insight into the world, how to manage businesses, in their best natures, thou shouldest ease mee of much trouble, and bee a meanes of thine owne good. Strictnesse of conscience, may be fruitfull in curiousnesse, and secrecie, with sufficiencie make a great proofe of wit. In briefe, I know you can vnderstand me, and therefore if you bee not otherwise bestowed, let mee know by your answere, how you like of my offer: which howsoeuer shall not displease me, because I know you loue me: So wishing you what you wish your selfe, till I heare from you, I rest.

Your affectionate friend,

M. I.

His Answer.

WOrthy Knight, I reioyce in your aduancement, and am assured you can not want fit seruants for your employment, more worthy then my selfe of your preferment: but in my humble loue giue mee leaue to tell you the truth of my opinion: that there is nothing more home to the heart of an honest minde, then to runne any course that may giue a wound to the Conscience: which while wit would excuse, wisedome layes open, when if the

soule

soule finde grace in Repentance of sinne, the heart cannot but bleed in the sorrow of iniquitie: but God is all-sufficient in all things: and therefore knowing your vertuous disposition, to his gracious protection leauing your most happie preseruation, in prayer for the same, with the encrease of all comfort, in the bounden duties of my loues seruice, I humbly take my leaue.

Your seruant assured in what resteth in my power:

I. S.

A Letter to a Knight for the entertainment of a Steward into his seruice.

WOrthy Knight; at my last being with you, you spake vnto me to do my best in helping you to a seruant; that you might employ for your Steward: Now if it please you at my hands to accept the bearer hereof, beleeue it you shall finde his sufficiencie so fitting your content, that I dare vndertake you shall not needs to seeke any further: I haue knowne him long, and such euery way his disposition, as may deserue good regard in a very good vnderstanding: he is honest, and wise, and able to liue of his owne, yet in honour of your worthinesse desireth to follow your fauour: for his Truth you shall not doubt it, and for his behauiour, I know you will like it: for his wages I will leaue it to your wisedome in his desart: so with his duties commending my seruice to the command of your kinde loue, till I see you, and alwaies: I rest.

Your very louing Kinsman.

T. R.

A thankefull Letter vpon the receyt of his Seruants

My good Cosen, among many courteses, I thanke you most kindely for my man, who in my great content, hath answered the Contents of your Letter, for such hath beene his carriage as hath gotten good will, not onely of all my house, but of such of my friends, as haue occasion to know his seruice: lesse vice, and more matter worthy loue, haue I not seene in a man of his sort: yea such hath beene his desert of my loue, as except for his better preferment, I will not part with him in haste: For in earnest in many true Rules of Ciuilitie hee may be an example to good Iudgements: In briefe, as I neuer found you to faile in any kinde care of my good, soin this I haue great cause to thanke you: and wherein it may lye in my power to requite you, be assured you shall know I loue you: in which, I rest assuredly,

Your most affectionate Kinsman and friend

R. S.

A Letter of councell from a Brother to his Sister vpon her going from the countrey to the Court.

Sweet Sister, I heare thou art going from home to a high place, from the countrey to the Court, beleeue it thou wilt finde it a place of danger, for the preseruation of thy best comfort: for there is honour both to bee got, and lost: but for a caueat in thy carriage, reade what I heere haue

haue written vnto thee, and lay it vp in thy memory, it will doe thy vnderstanding no hurt: Take heed of the Mewing of Muske Cats for they watch but for a Mouse, and when they haue their prey, they are all gone away: Let not the fading glosse of gay clothes dazzle the eyes of thy spirit, nor faire tongues rob thee of thy fame: for a good name is not like a garment: for if it once be broken, it will neuer bee set together againe: there are many hands that will bee plucking of flowers, whose hearts neuer care how the stalkes grow, or wither: but if you will be your owne friend, let no man take the fruit without the Tree: beleeue no idle bowes, nor faine protestations, for many times the tongue and the heart are farre asunder: when the best words haue not the best meanings: Nay let ambition bewitch thee, for the sinne is all one with the Lord or his Lackey: the Ice once cracht will crack more, and what is the face that hath lost the beauty of the minde? sweet Sister, I write not this that I feare thy imperfection, but to forewarne thee from euill: And what good is to bee gotten, seeke it by that vertue that may keepe thy colour without staine, when a Maiden blush is the beauty of modestie: serue God, and hee will bleese thee: pray to him, and hee will defend thee: loue him, and hee will keep thee, that no hurt shall come neere thee: bee constant in thy Religion, loyall in thy Allegeance, courteous in thy behauiour, and vertuous in thy loue, so no doubt but the Court will grace thee, and the King of Kings will so aduance thee, that though she be no Lady on earth, thou shalt be an Angell in heauen: To which happinesse in prayer for thee, to his tuition I leaue thee.

Thy most louing Brother.

D. H.

Her Answere.

My most louing Brother; I most kindely take your most louing Letter, which I will lay vp for your sake, and mine owne good, not in my pocket nor my Cabinet, but in the inward Cheft of my heart: and will dayly reade it, as the rules of true wisedomes direction: but to bee a little merry with the answere of your figures, let Mulke Cats Weaw where they will, I hope to bee no Wenizon for Vermine, and for the Garden of my fauour there shall no hand plucke a flower, except hee take the Roote and walke to his keeping: for the glosse of gay coates, they may bewitch Babies eyes, but the eye of vertue, lookes after no vanitie, and for false hearts and faire tongues, they are eafily discerned, they goe so commonly together: betwixt pride and baseneffe there is a carriage of simplicie, which I hope to hit on without touch of dishonour, to leauing Lords to their Ladies, and their Lackeyes to lower Creatures, beseeching the Almighetie to bleffe mee heere with his Grace, and hereafter in Heauen to make me least of his Hand-maides rather then the greatest Princesse on the Earth with all the pleasures of the worlde: to which prayer hoping you will say Amen: in much thankefulneffe for the care of your kindneffe: I rest.

Your most louing Sister.

E. B.

A kinde Letter to a Schollar going from the Vniuersitie to a Benefice in a Citie.

GOod Cozen, I vnderstand by your Father, that you are determined shortly to leaue the Vniuersitie: but yet withall that you haue bent your minde onely to the studie of Diuine vnderstanding, and leauing the world, betake your selfe wholly to the Church, and in the Ministerie of the word to vse good vnto Gods people: I commend your determination, but with you, if I might aduise you, to spend some few moze yeeres in the Vniuersitie, for your further hearing and reading, for your better confirmation of your resolution; not that I feare the blessing of your spirit, but that it is a function of great charge, care, and labour. Charge in regard of the Talent, being out of the Treasurie of Heauen, the riches of the Soule, then for care in the wiseedome of the vse of the same, to whom, at what time most fitting for his Glozie that gaue it, and their good, that shall receiue it: and for labour that you bee not found lole, when you shall bee called to account to yeeld vp a reckoning of your Stewardship: yet let mee not disswade you from a good worke in respect of your young yeares: For Iohn was the yongest of the Euangelists, and Timothy was yong in the Church of GOD; and therefore I feare not his gracious blessings to thy proceedings: In hope whereof, and prayer for which, I rest.

Your most louing Vnkle.

T. W.

A Letter to a worthy Knigth beyond the Seaes.

WOrthy Knight, I know you expect by this bearer to heare from me: to write you newes into a forraine nation, I know not how my letters may bee intercepted: and then if I should write any thing either false, or unfitting, my hand would witnes against my will: and yet let me say thus much of my observation of the world, that in these latter times, I finde nature in so strange a course, almost in the carriage of all world of Creatures; that, had not the Creator of the earth a hand of mercy over it, surely the sinnes of the Creatures would call for a new deluge: but what shall I say, my selfe beeing as a Cipher among figures, or a shadow among men, to see the world at such a passe, as that I hold him happy that is well out of it: but the best is, when night is past, the maskers will be gon, and when the Sunne sends forth his beames, the Owle will not dare to looke abroad: not to trouble you too long with little but ter then trifles, give me leaue only to bone you, and to wish I were with you, which if your returne be not the sooner, may hap to bee ere you be aware: till when, in the service of my heartes loue I rest.

Yours assured at command.

T. M.

His Answere.

YOu dare not write vnto me in thee, sparts for feare either of your own misfaking in your writing, or misfortune in the delivery of your letters: but happe what will I have written to you of the occurrents of this time, where betwixt

the Maſculine and Feminine Gender, a coniunction copulatiue is of ſuch force as puts downe all the ſpraches of the world, yea there is ſuch flattering among theſe birdes, as if euery day were Saint Valentines: and touching the wheele of the world, it runnes ſuch a hurlegigge, that if nature mend not her courſe, ſhe will be quite out of credit; in the Courts ſuch enuy, betwixt Mars and Apollo, that a long ſometime puts a ſeruice out of countenance: in the Citty ſuch iealouſie betwixt Vulcan and Venus, that Mercury hath much to doe to ſaue Cupids bow and arrowes: In briefe all the powers of hell are ſo buſie in the world, that if God did not bleſſe his ſeruants, the Diuell would haue a ſhrewd day: but hee that is gratious hath not to doe with the vitious; and he that truſteth in God, hath no feare of the Diuell: to bee briefe, if thy leaſure will ſerue thee, make a ſteppe ouer to mee, thou ſhalt make thine owne welcome, and thy charge ſhall bee nothing: ſo longing to ſee thee, till I heare from thee, and alwayes I reſt.

Thine or not mine owne.

R. D.

A Letter of Counſaile to a friend going to trauaile.

GOod Coſen, I vnderſtand thou art determined to trauaile, let mee intreat thee to take heed to thy way: for mountaines are labourſome to clime, and a valley may bee of a deadly length, woods may bee full of wild beaſts, and the high wayes haue vnhappy holes; the Riuers may haue ſwift ſtreames, the Seas are full of rockes and ſandes, and the beſt ſhippe may haue a leake: learne therefore thy compaſſe before thou runne thy courſe, leaſt if thou light among the ſtormes, thou bee drowned ere thou ſwim: Fortune helpeth the bold but ſeldome to a bleſſed end; and what a wo is it to wiſh when

had I with ſees the wheele, that threw him headlong from his happineſſe: I ſpeake not this to diſcourage thee, for adventures are honorable, ſo the cauſe bee according, but if thimagination bee deceiued, how is diſcretion impaired? I would not yet like a Snaile haue thee liue alwaye in a ſhell, but knowe thy way and then take thy walke: betweene Scilla and Charibdis the Channell is narrowe, and hee that lookes not with both his eyes, may be eaſily caſt on one ſide: but what euer thou doeſt, do all to Gods glory: Loue him aboue all, and feare nothing at all: but from him onely, haue all that is neceſſary in all: ſo loath to make a long booke of a few lines for thy inſtructions, let this ſuffice that I haue written: bee wary in thy paſſage, and paſſe not diſcreetly in thoſe limits: when thou beginneſt to reade, in all the letters of the roll the Holy Ghoſt bee thy ſpeed: a little token of my loue I ſend thee, and ſo with my prayers for thee, to the Lord of heauen I leaue thee.

Your faithfull louing Kinſman.

T. N.

His Anſwere.

GOod Coſen your kind Letter I take moſt kindly, and let me tell you what anſwere I make to your admonitions: no man loues his wife till hee haue learned it, and hee that beſt knowes his compaſſe may get from his courſe ſtorye, when ſodaine ſtormes may ſtrech the beſt ſhippe: aduentures and labours are the paſſages of mans life, and mountaines and dallies are the reſtes of the worlde: hee that looke to his feet neede not feare a hole in the way, and hee that feareth a beaſt is not fully a man: for the riuers, ſtrong Dames will goe againſt ſwift ſtreames, and a cunning Pilot will keepe the channell, where the paſſage is narrowe, there is the more need of heed, and if the ſhippe be tight, there is the leſſe feare

of her sailing: for the songs of Sirens they are the fictions of the Poets, but the figures are good warnings to beware the mischeefe of wantonnes: hee that will winke when hee should see, may blame himselfe for his blindnes, and yet the clearest eye may be deceived in a coulour: Imagination must breed hope, before happines bee attempted, and where the intent is vertuous, the voyage is like to bee gracious: all is in the will of God, upon the hand of whose mercy, building the hope of my comfort: assuring my selfe of your prayers for the prosperity of my trauailes: till my returne and allwayes: I rest.

Your most louing Cosen.

D. T.

A Letter written to a Noble-man, by a Gentleman in distresse.

Right Honorable,

WHen Lords begge of Kinges, I hold it the lesse basenesse to begge of Noblenesse: and though this booke begging be a disgrace to learning, yet since, *Paupertas non est vitium*, and, *Honos alit Artes*, I hope your honor will rather releeue affliction then rebuke presumption: in the few lines that I here humbly present your honorable patience, I haue written that my heart is burst,, and yet to set it together a gaine, what I cannot doe, if I should dye in not doing of it: Vouchsafe my good Lord to read them, and me in them: with a few of your golden Angells, deliuer me from a world of incarnate Deuills: which with siluer daggers seeke to stab the heart of my liberty: which, being a great part of my life, doe a Noble deed to saue it: God himselfe will requite you, and I shall bee bound to pray for you, that all the good

good, that the heauens will, and the world can giue may befall you: So hauing long knowne and euer loued your Honor, beseeching the Almightie to bleſſe the ſame, with encreaſe of aduancements, in the worthineſſe of true Nobleneſſe, at the feete of your fauour, laying downe the ſeruice of my hearts loue, craueing pardon for my preſumption, I humbly reſt, during life.

Your Honors

in all humble deuoted

and bounden dutie and ſeruice:

W. R.

A pleaſant conceited Letter to a friend in the Countrey.

YOu write vnto mee for Newes, and mee thinkes it is Newes you write vnto mee: For not hauing heard from you thus long, I wonder I haue heard from you at laſt. And yet though I am merrie with your ſilence your Letter is welcome, for I rather feared your health then your vnkindneſſe: but to anſwere your expectation, let mee tell you that the occurrents of this time are ſuch as are either falſe, and then vnfit to write: or if true, not worthy the writing: onely this I dare tell you, that rich men play with the world, and make a kinde of paradice vpon earth, while the portion of the poore is moſt held in patience: For my ſelfe I am as you left mee, neither beholding to friends, nor fearefull of enemies, and for the world I am ſo farre in loue with it, that I could wish I were well out of it, and for your ſelfe I wiſh rather your continuance of your honeſt louing friends, then to hunt heere after fortune a day after

the

the faire: To conclude, if I come neere you, I will see you, where so euer you are I will loue, and so to the Lord I leaue you.

Yours, what mine owne.

N. B.

The Answere.

O Ld wagge of the world, I see thou art neuer out of thy humour: I am glad to heare from thee, not of thy discontents: but to see how then setst them downe, which in a manner is as musique, when I am sometimes melancholy disposed, but for the rich let them be proud only of their time, for the poore may happen meet with them at their graues, and proue better men in an other world: For thy selfe I held thy happinesse greater in thy Contemplation then many misers in their large possessions: Sub in hyeste when thou art weary of the world come to me, and let vs talke of that which all the world shall not heare of: so longing for thee, till I see thee, or heare from thee, I rest.

Thine, or not mine owne.

B. S.

A kinde Letter to a friend in the Countrey, from the Citie.

KInde Anthony, I am sure thou doest not maruell a little at my long silence: I could make sufficient excuse, were it not tedious to write. But let this suffice, that a troubled minde is not attoned in temper: and the world is at such a passe, that the wise are amazed at it, and for my selfe, such I doe finde it, that as I can not get out of it, so I scarce know what to doe in it: for wisedome is search't, whether

her workes bee like her faith, and folly is much in fauour, because thee pleaseth the common people: so that I thinke I must turne foole, if I will feed on fat meat: and yet it greeth so ill with the nature of my spirit, that I had rather line as a shadow among men, then bee the substance of a monster: oh my good Anthony how happy a life doe you leade? that may heere the Birdes sing in your woods, see your Ewes suckle your Lambes in your fieldes, catch a fish with a worme, a Cony with a Ferret, and a hare with your Greyhound, and by the way as you come home, contemplate more comfort then the earth can giue you: for he that hath a heart to lift vp his eyes, will bee of Senecaes opinion, that the mind of that man is brought into a fierie bit, that can bee contented with earth: and hee that were in his right wits would hold it the greatest misery in mans life to desire to liue, though in misery. For mine owne part I wish I were not out of it, but so in it, that I may not loue it: but I will neither hasten my death nor prolong my life in this world, but attend his pleasure that will call me out of it; and the little time that I haue to liue, I would I could spend it in thy presence, not to ease my charge, nor to charge thee, but that in true worth, I might be not a more worthy friend: and thus till I see thee, which shall bee as soone as I can conueniently, in the affection of an honest heart: I rest.

Thine or not mine owne.

R. B.

His Answere.

HOnest Robin, thy silence was not so discontentine, as thy letter was comfortable, for thou writest not like the world, loue words for matter, but alwayes like thy selfe, the fruites of true iudgement: thou saiest well of the world that it is a strange peece, so thou, let the wisest heades pay the most

honeſt hearts, yet will the eyes of wickednes, be prying into their proceedings, while fooles craft is ſoone eeene, when they moſt ſeeke to deceiue themſelues: but let the fat Wiues of Bathan, feed with *Dives* in his delicates, poore Lazarus will haue a time to bee farre merrier then meat can make them: Oh Robin the monſters of this age ſee not their owne deformities, and better bee a ſhadowe among men, then ſo dumpiſh a ſubſtance: whyle bleſſed bee the ſpirit, that hates the courſe of iniquity: for my happines I confeſſe it is more then I am worthy of: but moſt in contemplation aboue poſſeſſion, when the Spirit aboue Nature, ſees Grace aboue Reaſon, ſhewing it a better world then this wherein it liues: yet whyls in this little time wee paſſe the pilgrimage of a few dayes, more pleaſure is in the leaſt creature of life, then the faireſt dead Idoll: if I catch a Trout with a flie, & a Nightingale with a worme, the one ſerues me in my diſh, the other ſings in my Chamber, and are not theſe comforts more contentine, then to hang on friends, and hope of fortunes, whyle the witts are dead heavy, are trauaile find comfort: well bee the world what it will, come thou to mee when thou wilt: and command what thou wilt, for though I ſay it, beleeue it thou haſt not a more louing friend, that will approue it: ſo longing to ſee thee, that I may haue my fill of diſcourſe with thee, with all the happines a heart can wiſh thee, to the Lord of heauen I leaue thee: and ſo reſt.

Thine what mine owne.

W. R.

A melancholy diſcontentiue Letter, vpon a frowne of a Kinſman.

OFten, vppon your laſt lookes, I looke a little into my ſelfe, where I find it too true, that hee that is curſed in the cradle, can hardly be bleſſed in the ſwaddell, and yet God is to ſtrong for the Deuill, whyle Fortune is but the fiction of fooles: Patience goes againſt the heare with Nature

but

but yet where grace guides the Spirit the way is not hard to heauen: the foxe horse goes straight, because hee sees on either side, and the wilde goose case makes more haste then good speed: I know there is a difference betwixt running and creeping: and yet who is surest footed may take a fall; excuses are more ready then foresights, and yet the wisest may be ouertaken ere he be aware: In summe, he that cannot be himselfe, must be subiect to others censures, and therefore to conclude with my crosse, this shall be onely my comfort: that hee that is at warres with the world shall haue peace in Heauen; to which ioy after you to God send mee, and all his seruants, among whom hoping to finde your name in the booke of life: in more loue then I found in your bookes, I rest.

Your louing kinsman.

B. S.

A disconsolate Letter of a Louer.

When you were faire I loued you, for then you were not painted: and when you were wise I honoured you, for then you were not inconstant, but when Art married Nature, and variety shewes but vanities, I was aggrieued at my folly to haue grounded my affection on so little Grace; yet when I see all true Birds haue feathers, I must let them take their flight: but yet rather heare them in the woods then feed them in Cages: yet will I not shut them out at my windowes nor hurt them, if they come in my house, but regard them in their Natures: and so hoping that you vnderstand the figure in the honor of your best substance; I rest.

Yours, more then you are your selfe.

I. T.

The

Her Answere.

GOod Cosen, doe not wrong affection with a false iealousie: Nature is euer her selfe, and I will bee no changeling: what my lookes were I know not, but what my loue is you may know: Curses and Crosses differ much in construction, and punishments for sinne are no plagues vnto pattence: God is euer good, and will help his seruants while the fictions of fortune, are but the fruits of idleneſſe: Hee that builds his hope in heauen, may the better carry his crosses in the world, which bred in the Cradle, will be blessed in the Saddle: And therefore my good Cosen, not a little reioycing in the resolution of your disposition, commands my loue, though I cannot command my lookes: and wherin I am, my selfe feare mee not to be yours: for pouertie is no vice, where vertue deserues honor: and so wishing thee much good, and ready to doe thee any good, in the best nature of good will: I rest.

Your very louing Kinsman.

T. R.

The Answer.

WHen you were wise I did esteeme you, for then you were not humorous, and when you were faithfull, I did loue you, for then you were not iealous, but since imagination marde discretion, and iealousie ouer-topped loue, I will quit you with your owne Carde that I am sory in my affection to be so mistaken in a friend: but since beasts are most of a hayre, though not all of a hewe, I will rather looke on them in a field then leade them in my hands: and

yet will I not hunt them from my ground: nor driue them from their field: and so hoping that your skill in Arithmetique will discerne a figure from a Cipher: I rest.

Yours so farre as I may be my selfe.

M. W.

A comfortable Letter to a Kinsman vpon the Buriall of a yong Sonne.

SWeet Cosen, I know you are both religious and learned, and therefore hope I shall need the lesse reasons to perswade you to that patience that may best make proofe of your disposition: I am sorie for your sorrow, and not your losse of your deare and worthy beloued little Sonne: For know this hee was but lent you, till hee that hath him would send for him: yea your selfe are not your own, but onely his that lets you haue heere a being, till hee will haue you bee in a better place: Good Cosen I knowe Nature is of great force, yet where Grace gouernes Reason, all is referred to the will of God. I am assured that you pray dayly that his will may be done, and will you grieue that his will is done? Farre be it from you: you know it is written, and I am assured you beleeue it, that whosoeuer loueth Father or Mother, or Wife, or Child more then God, is not worthy of his loue: Take heed therefore not to offend the Creator, with to much louing his Creature; and loose not your selfe, in loosing his loue, that you haue for his loue that you cannot haue: he is among the Angels, and would you haue him among men? Yea, he is with God himselfe, and are not you glad that he is with him? Furthermore, if you were alone in your griefe, you were the more to bee lamented, but when thousands are in your predicament let not passion exceed Reason, but humble your will to the will of God, to whose heauenly protection, leauing your most happy preseruation: I rest.

Your most louing Kinsman. *H. B.*

The Answer.

My good Cosen, I thanke you for your kinde Letter, in which I haue receiued no little comfort: but let mee tell you that a collop cut out of the flesh puts neere home to the heart, and therefore so farre as a man may not offend God, giue me leaue to be my selfe, but yet I beseech him of his mercie, I may not passe the limits of his loue: I reade that Iacob sorrowed, for the onely imagined death of Ioseph, and shal not I grieue to see my boy in his graue? and yet this is my comfort, his yeeres were to yong to commit any actuall sinne, and in the election of loue I am assured he was a Lambe of the Lords flocke: it is written, that GOD would haue yong Lambes for his Sacrifice, and my boy could not be to good for his Altar: No, let not my soule liue, but in the seruice of his loue: though I loued him on earth, yet would I not wish him from heauen: for there is no Iewell so safely keyt, as that which is laid vp in the Lords Treasurie: I haue read it, that sorrow may tarry for a night, but ioy commeth in the morning: then if the night bee long there is a time of mourning till morning, and therefore blame not Nature in being her selfe, though the power of Grace shall worke in her patience. In summe, I hope so to manage my affection, as shall not impeach my discretion, nor lose his loue that is the ioy of my life: to whose gracious blessing leauing our eternall comfort, in prayer for that patience that may qualifie vnfitting passion, in much thankefulnesse for your carefull kindnesse, wishing with conuenience to see you, and often to heare from you, in more affection then protestation: I rest.

Your very louing Cosen.

T. W.

A Letter to an Hypocrite vpon betraying of a Friend.

TO deny a Friend may bee a touch of vnkindnesse, to deceiue a Friend a proofe of ill Nature, but to betray a Friend to plaine a villanie: Theaters are set downe in the orders of euill persons: Pandars are base Rascals, and the scum of the earth: but Traitors are most hatefull villaines of the world: Among the twelue Apostles there was but one Iudas, and wilt thou leaue the Saints to follow one Dinell? If thou wilt runne his course thou maist runne to his confusion: Wilt thou mistake GOD for Gold, and sell thy Soule for a little Siluer? What will be thy end? Shame on earth, and sorrow endlesse? What shall I say to thee? but thinke what will become of thee, being a horrible Hypocrite, take thy portion among them: Heauen will abhorre thee, and while the world hates thee, hell stands gaping for thee: but GOD in his mercie, if it be his holy will, forgiue thee: and so neuer meaning more to looke on thee, but to giue all my friends warning of thee, to the will of the Almightie: I leaue thee.

Thy neuer more Friend.

I. S.

His Answere.

AN vnwilling offence may be an excuse acceptable, what I spake of a sodaine, I repented at leasure: for beleeue it no gaine could haue made me so vngracious: but yet the occasion of your discomfort, can not but grieue mee in vnhappinesse, though farre be it from my thought to doe so

wilfull a wickednesse: be not therefore so bitter in your invective against my baseneſſe: For if I were of Iudas his Nature, I wish no other then his end: place me not therefore among Hypocrites, for I hate them in my heart, and desire not to liue, to deserue that imputation: be you assured my griefe is greater for you then I will shew, till in the fruit of my labour, I may make proofe of my Loue, wherein I will not cease till I haue effected something to some issue in your good, in which you shall see how farre it is from mee to bee so vnhonest as I was vnhappy, and how farre my euill hap was from the Nature of an euill minde: and so entreating your patience, to suspend your iudgement, I hope ere it be long to haue you write in an other humour: till when beseeching the Almightie to bleſſe you with health, and my heart with happinesse, to bee a meane of your comfort: till then and alwaies I rest: howsoeuer you esteem me, in the affection of an honest heart,

Your most faithfull friend.

E. B.

A Letter of aduice to a friend that was to be married.

FRiend William, I heare that you are shortly to take a Wife, or rather to bee taken of a Wife: and that for a little times pleasure you will sell your liues libertie: but if the matter bee not so farre gone with you, let mee tell you a little of my minde, to make you looke about you: for touching your choise, note what I say vnto you: if your wife be

be to young she knowes not how to make her ready, & if too old thee must haue one to helpe her out of her bed: if shee be faire, thee will giue you cause of iealousie, if foule, she will bee annoyance to thee: if full of talke shee will bee troublesome, if sullen shee will bee irkesome, if of honorable Parents you must make courtsie to all her kindred, if base you must prouide for a generation: If rich she will bee proud of her portion, and be kept accordingly, if poore still calling for necessities and sometime more then needes: if wise, shee will thinke to gouerne thee, if foolish she will disgrace thee, if Barren shee will be uncomfortable, if full of children shee will be chargeable: if you trust her not with all you haue, shee will grow suspicious of your loue to her, if you trust her with all you haue, she will make you a seruant to her: if she neuer loued any, shee will not know how to loue you, and if she haue loued other, she will not leaue all for one: further more, if a man buy a house, or land, he will survey it, ere he purchase it, and if he do not like it when he hath it, he may find means to part with it: but for a wife hee must take her at all aduentures, & once had during life must neuer part with her: and therefore if thou canst fine a woman neither young nor old, wise nor foolish, ritch nor poore, kinde nor froward, honorable nor base, talkattue nor sullen, let me see her, that I may commend thy choyce in her, but til then make stay of the Bells, they may not ring to thy Bridall: but if thy affection bee setled and not to be removed, then in Gods name, goe on with Gods blessing: So till I heare from thee how the world goes with thee, wishing thee either a good wife or none: in my prayers for thy prosperity, Irest.

Thine what his owne.

B. T.

His

His Answere.

FRiend Samuell, your Caueats to my marriage I haue lookt ouer very carefully, and am sorry to see your course so farre short of such comfort: for in the election of Grace, it is an holy ordinance of God, for the good of his people: and in the world what companion can equall a kind wife? If I were as nice in my choyce, as you are in your notes, I might haue a long dreame, and awake find nothing: but come to your selfe, when you dye what issue will you leaue of your loues? & if you liue how vngodly is your course? for my selfe I am fully resolued rather to aduenture the hope of vertue, then to runne a vainer course, and to nourish mine owne family then to feed on another mans trencher: In briefe, when the Wells ring, you shall know what businesse is at Church: and if you come to my house, you shall be heartily welcome: till when wishing you as to my selfe, I rest.

Your very louing friend.

R. T.

A Letter of vnkindnes to a kinsman vppon a report of his abuse.

COsen, I am sorry to heare that I noe of you: how you haue vsed me you know, how I can disgest it you know not, I would willingly forget vnkindnes, but if my patience nourish your presumption, who deserueth to bee blamed if one folly beget another? you are my neere kinsman, I would you were not so farre from me in kindnesse, but I feare the Prouerb proues to true in you, to vse mee more like a kinsman then a friend: but I can bee angry and not sinne, or rather be sorry and not angry: for if you will come to mee, and acknowledging your fault make it a warning to your further

ther euill: the euill past shall not be remembred, and the good to come not vnregarded: and so wishing to see you, and the sooner the better, till then I rest.

Your louing Cosen.

D. H.

His Answere.

My good Cosen, were I not as neere vnto you in loue as in Nature, I should reuerence your yeeres, but scarce haue patience with your humour, and indeede I should take your vnkinde Letter as it is written: vpon a false supposition to touch mee with an ill condition to wrong him at all, whom I loue so much mee thinkes goes much against the Note of good Nature: For let mee tell you, I neuer vsed you ill, nor will vse you but well: and if any man haue otherwise reported, vpon his face, whosoeuer, except your selfe, I will approue it: I thinke no man so dishonest as to deuise it, but if it bee a woman, theugh her wickednesse shew her weakenesse, yet I wish her tongue had not such strength with your eares as to put such an imagination into your heart, to bee so needlesse a trouble to your minde: to see you I feare not, and the sooner for mine owne satisfaction, that where the fault is found it may bee confessed: And so leauing to your discretion to consider of my desert: in irremoueable affection, I rest: till I see you, and alwaies.

Your assured louing Kinsman.

T. W.

A Letter of kindneſſe from a Gentleman to his loue, from beyond Seas.

SWeet Loue, how I grieue for thine abſence, thy preſence when I ſee thée, ſhall make proofe: the Seas may ſeparate bodies, but not minds; and there is no Nation in the world that can alter the nature of loue: diſtruſt not therefore my frailty; for, my affection is fixed, and ſuſpect not mine infidelity, for my vow is euer before me: if any buſineſſe more auer, it ſhould not be long ere I would be with thée: and be perſwaded, ſo ſoone as I can I will ſée thée: in the meane time, by this Bearer, a token of my loue I haue ſent thee: by whom, I make no doubt, to heare happily from thee: ſo praying for thy health, and our ioyfull meetings, till then, and euer.

Thine, or not his owne.

R. B.

Her Anſwer.

SWeet heart, I haue receiued thy Letter louingly, thy loue kindly, and thy token thankfully: beléeue it, if it might be no trouble to thée, the Seas ſhould not hinder me from thée: for, whereſoeuer I am, my heart is with thée: of thy loue I am not iealous, though I would be ioyfull of thy company: for me thinkes I liue, as a kind of dead body without thée. By this Bearer, I returne thée a requitall of thy kindneſſe, and with my ſelfe had as ſwift a paſſage to thy loue: In briefe, not knowing the trouble of thy buſineſſe, I will only pray for thy health, till our meeting make our happineſſe: and ſo reſt full of vnreſt, till I may reſt during life, in thine faithfull loue.

Thine what mine owne:

S. P.

The Letter Writer.

A most kind Letter from a Lady to her Seruant of good worth.

My second selfe, whom if I could, I should loue more then my selfe, knowing thy Affection, and being assured of thy faith. I wonder at nothing more then, at what keepes thee from me: I suppose thou hast some, and haue made sure to thine owne purpose, to hinder both them both; and why I doe not see thee, thou knowest my Affaire, yet can I not be without thee: for better beware, I haue no life but in thy loue: to which I humbly commend the hope of my worlds comfort: let therefore, all greefes leaue mine, thy presence better my happinesse, and soone me meete by this Messenger, when I shall expect thy speedy and safe: till when, holding euery houre an yeare, my mind being desirous to bee disburthened of some matter that I will not commit to paper: In hope of thy health, and prosperous thy happinesse till I see thee, and euer I rest.

Thy louing Mistresse, and most assured Friend:

M. W.

His Answere.

My more then my selfe, most louely [illegible] and beyond [illegible] I am sorry for nothing; but that [illegible] be sorry for any thing: and especially, that in me [illegible] the occasion of your discontent; but such [illegible] my loue, yet haue so crosse me in my comming, [illegible] but the heat is well ouer which hath troubled my [illegible] though I haue no disease, yet am I so much diseased,

sed, that finding my heart written ouer with the Letter V, and feeling small comfort in the Woswell D, haue onely wished for my health, to bee with the blessed Sillable U: Your Estate is your selfe, vpon whom vnder heauen, is the stay of my happines: shortly I intend to see you, and if your messenger make not the more haste, to bee with you before him, till when, and during life, I rest.

Your faithfull louing Seruant:

D. T.

FINIS.

A most kind Letter from a Lady to her Seruant of good worth.

My second selfe, whom if I could, I should loue more then my selfe, knowing thy Affection, and being assured of thy Faith, I wonder at nothing more then, at what keepes thee from me: I expected thee long since, and haue now sent to thee on purpose, to know how thou doest; and why I see not thee: thou knowest my Estate, yet am I poor without thee: for vnder heauen, I haue no life but in thy loue: to which I hartily commend the hope of my worlds comfort: let therefore, all excuses laid aside, thy presence hasten my happinesse, and send me word by this Bearer, when I shall expect thee without faile: till when, holding euery houre an yeare, my mind being desirous to bee disburthened of some matter that I will not commit to Paper: In hope of thy health, and prayer for thy happinesse till I see thee, and euer I rest.

Thy louing Mistresse, and most assured Friend:

M. W.

His Answere.

My more then my selfe, most worthy beloued and honoured Mistris, I am sorry for nothing, but that you should be sorry for any thing: and especially, that in me should rest the occasion of your discontent; but such haue beene my businesse, as haue so crost me in my comming, as when I haue had my foot in the stirrop, haue brought me backe from my horse: but the heat is well ouer which hath troubled my mind, that though I haue no disease, yet am I so much diseased,

sed, that finding my heart written ouer with the Letter Y, and feeling small comfort in the Woswell D, haue onely wished for my health, to bee with the blessed Sillable U: Your Estate is your selfe, vpon whom vnder heauen, is the stay of my happines: shortly I intend to see you, and if your messenger make not the more haste, to bee with you before him, till when, and during life, I rest.

Your faithfull louing Seruant:

D. T.

FINIS.